

THE COLLEGIAN

St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



MARCH, 1931

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DARING LIFE

Leave with the dead the lifeless past;
Strike off the fetters of regret;
Let not mistakes forever last;
There's lot in life to learn as yet.
Great men have failed in common things;
The path of life is not all plane;
Fear not life's pains, fear not its stings,
For losses may be turned to gain.

Hence with resolves both brave and bold
Become a man of honor true,
For though you fail, you've failed of old,
And when you've won; you'll win anew.
Like that light then which never dies,
For you the star of luck will rise.

H. J. Schnurr '32

WITH HOOPS OF STEEL

"With hoops of steel," said two pals as they clasped each other's hands on graduation day at Westover High School.

"Yes, Jim," said Michael Riley, "future circumstances may cause us to drift wide apart, but our friendship, that shall remain as true as ever; for have we not determined to bind it with steel just to undo the old saying that rolling days and clashing interests dissolve good fellowship?"

Very well might these two pals agree to words rather gallantly spoken. They had played together in boyhood days; they had mutually shared joys and sorrows during the years of school; they had now graduated with honors; they were both in excellent health, filled with the vigor and enthusiasm of aspiring youth. Added to these advantages, in the case of Jim Bertrand were a splendid physique, dreamy blue eyes, and sharply cut features that made him a worthy model for any artist. Realizing that he was well favored by nature, he became vain and, to an evident degree, selfish. But it was his good fortune that he was amenable to correction. By dint of hard effort, he controlled his weaknesses decidedly. Michael Riley was in every respect the opposite to his friend, Jim. Being built more like a mountaineer than like a Ramon Navarro, he was not bothered about self at all, but was, as Jim often remarked, "all heart."

To all appearances the two young men were destined to reinact in their lives the old story of Damon and Pythias and would have done so, if that ugly feeling of jealousy which snaps all cords of friendship had not made its way into the heart of one

of them. Just three months after being graduated, the two young friends encountered a bone of contention that like all bones of its kind produced estrangement. Neighboring to Michael Riley's home, a family named Daws set up housekeeping. They brought with themselves a daughter of Michael's age, a young, lively hoinen named Marjorie, who made her presence felt so decidedly that Michael could not escape her attractions, and within a surprisingly short time they became very good friends. That Jim should be drawn into the current of events was in every way consistent with Michael's plans, for he could not think of indulging any diversion or amusement without sharing it with his trusted, boyhood friend. Accordingly he was thoroughly indifferent when at socials and parties Marjorie chose to have Jim as an escort in place of himself, and he readily expected that Jim's attitude in the matter would in every regard be similar to his own. But the confidence inspired by friendship is often one-sided; a truth that Michael had still to learn.

Quite unexpectedly Jim began to avoid Michael. An ever increasing number of excuses were offered by him to avoid attending social affairs at which Michael was sure to be present. Then without any further thought of former friendship, he kept out of the way of his former pal completely. Of course, Michael began to worry, for by no means of guessing or surmising could Jim's immediate conduct be explained. At length the right idea was forced into his mind.

Not suspecting that matters had also taken a turn in Marjorie's head, Michael, on one evening, decided to have a jolly chat with her over the phone. He rang up; she quickly answered; she recognized

the speaker, and of a sudden the old familiar note in her voice altered. What could be the matter? Was she ill? If her talk had been anything else but curt before, it was certainly nothing else but curt now. Across the wire, Michael heard the abrupt declaration:

"I cannot speak to you this evening and, furthermore, I want to add that I do not look for you to be my escort to parties and socials in the future. Goodbye!"

The click of the receiver made Michael see stars, ghosts, and every other variety of grotesque thing. If he did not turn pale in features, his feelings, nevertheless, took on the grey, cold, quashed sensation that is always the outcome of a rude and unwarranted rebuff.

"Wonder what it could all be about," he mused to himself. "At first Jim bounced me out of his companionship, and now, if I understand her words correctly, Marjorie tells me flatly that she is through with me. If there is anything like onions and garlic about me or in my way of thinking and acting, well, that must be discovered. But, enough for this evening; I am tired. Perhaps after a night's rest I shall be able to think more clearly."

But his rest that night was not the refreshing kind that he had hoped for. The thought of losing his friends would not get out of his mind. At length he concluded that it must all be nothing but a nightmare, or some teasing prank pulled off for the sole purpose of getting his goat. Wearily his eyes closed in a nervous slumber that was quickly dispelled at the first sound from his alarm clock. To dress, breakfast, and hurry to the street corner where he customarily met Marjorie on the way to work con-

sumed less than an hour of time. But Marjorie was not at the corner as usual waiting for the car. Michael now waited in turn, five, ten, fifteen minutes, but she did not appear. Again the thought came to his mind with every assurance that she must be at odds with him. When he arrived at his place of work, his mind was so preoccupied that he hardly took notice of the cheery salutations of his fellow workers. All wondered what bug could be pinching his spleen. That Michael should be committed to several months of foolish worrying was something they still had to learn.

As time pushed along, Michael lost interest in work and even in athletics and society. He began to be a dull, draggy, dejected looking lad, an attitude for which his parents and his fellow workers did not hesitate to rebuke him on every occasion. But chiding was of no avail. He had actually seen Jim and Marjorie walking towards him upon the street, and upon observing him they had hurriedly turned into a junk shop where neither of them could have any business. Beyond all doubt now they were avoiding him, but for what reason? That he could never explain. Could Jim be jealous? He would not charge his former pal with anything like that. To add to his worries, the boss on one morning pertly confronted him saying:

"Young man, you are discharged. My establishment is not an employment bureau for dreamers and loafers."

To recover from his worries and regain his former poise now came to be a serious business for Michael. He took invigorating exercises; he sought to relieve his mind by reading; in dress he wanted to be as prim as ever before; he wanted to joke and

laugh, but do what he might, he could not shift the vexing thought from his mind that a friendship bound by "hoops of steel" as he had avowed, should be broken, and that besides this, others should plainly avoid him, and that with no possible chance for getting an explanation.

That people had often become sick and mentally and physically worthless because of trifling worries that had been allowed to take on serious proportions was nothing new to Michael. He had heard and read of such occurrences before. Oh, no, he would not permit himself to reach such a stage of foolishness. But he did. His general depression reacted in a feverish fit that showed all the symptoms of pneumonia. He steadily grew worse; became delirious, and caused considerable alarm to his physician and parents. Noticing that in his delirium, he frequently called upon the names of Jim and Marjorie, it was decided to call both of these supposed friends of his to visit him.

When Jim heard of Michael's condition, he rushed to the bedside of his former pal anxious to discover what he might be able to do by way of extending relief. He was more than surprised to find that his visit proved quite beneficial as the best of remedies. In fact his presence soon brought Michael back to consciousness, and in the conversation that ensued, Michael showed a recovery of strength that made Jim and all others present wonder what mysterious influence had been set to work to produce so sudden a change for the better. When gradually the conversation drifted to the events of the past two months, Jim learned with not a little astonishment that his conduct with that of Marjorie, had given Michael a hard round of worrying that, as the physi-

cian affirmed, had beyond doubt brought on a tantrum of which the consequence evidently was mental depression and a decline in health. As Jim was about to explain matters to his pal of former days, a quiet slumber settled upon Michael's eyes accompanied by calm and deep breathing. The physician taking notice of this change was greatly pleased and proceeded to inform all who were present that seemingly the crisis in the case of his patient had passed. Becoming somewhat curious as to the influence that Jim's presence had on Michael, the physician tried to learn about their associations and mutual interests. To all questions, Jim gave plain answers, for he now felt convinced that his duty towards his former friend was a matter of importance. When the physician had learned from Jim all that was pertinent to the matter, he prepared to leave saying:

"My patient's health is altogether in your hands Jim, for the cause of his illness, peculiar as it may seem, is none other than the worry you have given him. It will be well to bring this other friend of yours, Marjorie, on the scene likewise, for between the two of you more can be done for my patient than medical skill can accomplish."

After the physician had gone, Jim sought the first occasion to bring Marjorie to have a talk with Michael. It was on the following evening that he and Marjorie found themselves at the bedside of their former friend. If Jim's presence had done wonders for Michael, Marjorie's gayety and cheerful conversation did even more. Within a few minutes, Michael appeared to gain so much strength that there could be no doubt about his convalescence. It was but natural, however, that their talk should

turn to discussing Michael's illness. When it seemed clear that worry over lost friendship had broken Michael's health, Jim, stung with remorse, made known his motive, saying:

"I am to blame for all this mischief. Jealousy of you, Marjorie, made me forget my promise of friendship to Michael. To make you turn from him I told you that his father had served a term in Sing-Sing for shortage of funds in his place of business. But I did not tell you that Michael's father was finally proved to be innocent. I recall how the story shocked you and made you turn away from Michael's company. Of course, if I wanted you to avoid him, I had to do so likewise. It was all my own wicked contriving, and I am now more than glad to have occasion to bring this evil matter to light and to vindicate my former friend in your presence."

Then turning to Michael, he continued, "To think that I should resort to this gross injustice to inflict injury on you and your family! How foolish of me! Later, of course, I began to realize that my downright selfishness was ruining the happiness of all three of us. Can you pardon my indiscretion, Michael?"

For a moment, Michael was stunned, but soon pulling himself together, said, "Jim, everything is cleared up now. I understand the cause of your queer actions for the past two months. To be sure it struck me hard to be thrown down by the two friends whom I liked best, but, of course, I gladly grant your request for pardon. Remember though that at one time we talked about our friendship as being bound "with hoops of steel."

"Jim," Marjorie interrupted, "How could you ever be so foolish? I enjoyed your playful moods,

But I enjoyed Michael's droll humor equally as much. To me you both appeared to be just plain big brothers, and that is what I want you to be in the future. I regret it, though it was unknown to me, that I happened to be the cause of all this unhappiness. Pardon my ignorance; and now let's make amends. Jim, strum the ukulele while I sing 'Somewhere In Old Wyoming.' Are we ready? Is everybody happy? Let's go!"

The "Hoops of Steel" had bent to the verge of breaking for some time; but once again they stood the test and came out of the ordeal with a finer, better, and more lasting temper.

Joseph Otte '32

THE CALL

He sought me
In home of shame and crime;
He loved me,
The dregs of human slime.

I heard Him—
He crossed the threshold bare;
I shunned Him—
I did no longer care.

I saw Him
His face distained with Blood,
I struck Him,
A savage, fearful thud.

He touched me
With soft caressing hand;
He gained me
A soldier to His band.

Leonard Rancilio '31

NATURALISM IN LETTERS

Naturalistic literature, or more commonly given the name, naturalism, is in its essence insane realism. The tendency towards this kind of writing has advanced alarmingly during the past century. Naturalism seeks chiefly to lay bare the minutest details of human action; it is meticulous in analysing the forces of nature at work, the effect on character of environment, usually a sordid, wretched, nauseating and vicious environment. It aims to discuss those things which are not commonly to be discussed with very much fullness of detail.

It is a most grave and lamentable fact that naturalism is waxing stronger and stronger day by day in this so-called "cultural age" of the modern world. It is an ugly parasite on the body of life and art, and as such should receive treatment similar to that needed for bodily ailments. It has not broadened the purview of men, nor has it brought to light new mysteries; it is, at bottom, nothing new and nothing original in literature; it is in its very essence a new name for something very old. In many of the works of the Latin authors, the grossest sensualism is portrayed, quite as it existed in the manners and customs of the Roman people. One may say that this belongs to ancient history; yes, it belongs to ancient history, but is the history of today any better than that of the pagan days of Rome?

The best illustrations for the naturalistic movement are to be found in the works of the French writers of the nineteenth century. The chief writers of this movement were: Flaubert, Jules de Goncourt and his brother, Edmond, Guy de Maupassant, and the most infamous among these, Emile Zola. Emile Zola

and his contemporaries are mainly responsible for the "balderdash" which permeates our modern literature, because they set the pace for those who were to follow in their wake. These authors in particular examined some of the manifold "problems" of the complex social order of modern life and attempted to give a key for unlocking the portals to this complexity. It is very evident from their writings that they failed utterly to solve any of these problems. As we said before, Emile Zola is the most infamous of these five, since he deals with truly ravishing cancers of a very unsocial species. His contemporaries held tenaciously to the unfortunate conclusion that such a limited sphere in the choice of themes rather deepened than impoverished and paralyzed their out-look upon life.

Emphasizing but a few of the idiosyncracies of these authors will suffice to show their real quality and value. The first among these, Gustave Flaubert, is generally considered the greatest novelist of the nineteenth century. He was romantic in a way, but the naturalistic mold into which he fell, so tipped the balance that as time advanced he was found not to weigh enough to maintain his importance. Flaubert's naturalism lies chiefly in his objective treatment of life; his so-called "surgical method" of character analysis. In his novel "Madame Bovary," one will discover a commonplace character, surrounded by an environment little better than picaresque in its setting. In "The Temptation of St. Anthony" and "Salammbô," one again finds a flaunting spirit of "What's the use." Try as one might, if one has accustomed himself to a life of vice and sin, he can never break from such an environment; there seems to be a magnetic force which continually draws ever downward.

Such sentiments are expressed in the writings of Flaubert with all the easy glib of "laissez faire."

Following Flaubert are the brothers, Jules and Edmond de Goncourt. They strike rather a modern note in their writings, but remain thoroughly naturalistic. Their style is original, flexible and striking but in many instances so grotesque and bizarre as to suggest affectation. Though they are insignificant, and were so even in their day, they are, however, a real thorn in the side of life and art.

Guy de Maupassant, who was a follower of Flaubert, whom he chose as a master in the art of writing, was destined to be filled in his younger days with an energetic spirit of life, but little by little he became stifled by the stalking proximity and mysteriousness of death. His pessimistic and melancholy outlook on life deepened finally into insanity. In spite of these set-backs, he achieved a compactness, lucidity and appropriateness of style, which Zola and the Goncourts never attained. In his novels, "Une Vie," "Mont-Oriol," "Pierre and Jean" and "Fort comme La Mort," one uncovers the present life as a tragic and hapless tangle of frustrated hope, dissolution, futile effort, accident and misunderstanding. The same pessimistic strain permeates his two hundred or more short stories. Maupassant was a great writer, and had he not been influenced by Flaubert and others of the sensualist school, he would, without a doubt shine as the best writer in the galaxy of French authors.

Emile Zola was the keystone of theoretical fiction in naturalism. Either his vision was poor or he looked through a smoked lens and saw only the dark side of life. His deleterious writings are spurious in their conception of vital activities, blind, brutal,

and in a measure stupid. It is Zola's mania as a writer that makes every reader feel that naturalistic writers and their works ought to be condemned to the inferno of oblivion.

For "material" the Naturalists ransacked two store houses that proved to be well stocked. The first was filled with social ills, diseases, and distresses that weigh so irksomely upon the large majority of people. The life of the laborer in the congested, poverty-stricken quarters of the great cities, was the second. It is evident that in both these store houses of human life, melancholy scenes of wretchedness could be had in plenty. These matters are, however, not completely deprived of the cup of joy or of a bit of sunshine. But the Naturalistic writers are not attracted by the wholesome side of these matters; they would rather indulge the hideousness, rascality, and the loathsome side of all they encounter. Dickens furnishes splendid models of the realistic novel, and it was such a character as his that could detect the charm and serene contentment that often graces the lives of the poor. "Poverty to Dickens," says a writer in the Cambridge History of English Literature, "was a soul rich in picturesque or sentimental idiosyncracies; its vulgarity he transformed to magical humor; its evils, he thought, could be remedied by large hearted humanity." Poverty to the Naturalist is a painful, ill-smelling poverty that reeks everywhere in the slums of great cities. Votaries to literature of this variety, have no certain conception of its true meaning. Do they realize that genuine literature represents a real and conscientious picture of life? It would benefit the Naturalistic writers a great deal if they were to read W. D. Howell's essay as a purgative for easing their minds from the debris

of golliwog impressions about life. W. D. Howells in his essay, "Fiction and Life," says, "Let fiction cease to lie about life; let it portray men and women as they are, actuated by the motives and the passions in the measure we all know; let it leave off painting dolls and working them by springs and wires; let it show the different interests in their true proportions; let it forbear to preach pride and revenge, folly and insanity, egotism and prejudice, but frankly own these for what they are, in whatever figures and occasions they appear; let it not put on fine literary airs, let it speak the dialect, the language, that most Americans know—the language of unaffected people everywhere—and there can be no doubt of an unlimited future, not only of delightfulness but of usefulness for it."

But what shall be done to counteract naturalism? That it is a species of depraved literature, the feelings it arouses in every reader broadly testify. If it is allowed to hold the upper hand, which it does hold generally at present, the results will be increasingly deplorable. Literary Guilds have willfully failed to invoke the proper censure of this contaminating mental host. From their advertisements carried by a large number of "the would-be-high" kind of magazines, it is clear that many Literary Guilds do not give a rap about the quality of the literature they spread, if only the dollar stream will continue flowing. Hence it is not infrequent that advertisements like the following flare up before the eyes of readers: "Read the greatest of all the forbidden books. The 'Decameron' of Boccaccio. This book is forwarded to any person desiring to join the Literary Guild of Utopia." Turning to another page one reads: "Emile Zola's stupendous novels, '_____,'" "_____,'" "_____.'"

We offer you these books on condition that you send us five dollars a month, thereby insuring yourself as a member of the Literary and Art Guild of Wurldtube." Page upon page is crammed with frivolous novels and biographies that are slowly but inevitably undermining our morals and christian principles with snail-like persistence.

There is no sense in carping at the fact that the reading of what is understood as naturalistic literature, is prohibited unless permission to do so be obtained from proper authorities. Guidance other than common sense is a necessity in this connection even though common sense ought to direct anyone to read what is good, true, and beautiful in literature, and of this there is more than quadruple of what human life could permit anybody to swallow. There can be no question, but that bad books corrode the mind, breed vice and crime, while those that instruct by furnishing noble ideals will foster the growth of virtue and will supply correct ideas of life.

Ralph A. Bihn '31

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise and meet you.

—Felton

In peace patriotism really consists only in this—that everyone sweeps before his own door, minds his own business, also learns his own lesson, that it may be well with him in his own house.

—Goethe

FINDING THE NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK

"Say, Bert, I need five thousand dollars," Rod announced decisively.

"Yeah?" lazily drawled his companion, "why let that worry you, just call up Andy Mellon. The treasury is full of idle dollars."

"I guess that was supposed to be a fast one. It's a pity that I can't appreciate all these jokes of yours."

"It is at that!" retaliated Bert, "but to be sensible, why the sudden demand for five thousand, did you lose a bet or stake foolishly?"

"No," replied Rod, "but that five thousand dollars would enable me to start this magazine of mine, and once I get a start, and with you on the staff helping me, why, our future is assured."

"Oh, so I'm brought in the picture too, eh? I suppose I'm to wave the wand, cry 'allez-oop' and produce the desired five thousand from this rather shabby looking derby. No thanks! I'm ready to help you with that magazine of yours that you're so sure will be a success, but I never was destined to be one of these financiers. And if you need five thousand dollars to start this magazine, I guess we'll stay right here in this two-by-four of a room and keep on slaving for the 'Eagle'!"

"Well," returned Rod, "the old saying says that 'where there's a will there's a way' and I've certainly got the will. All I need now is to find the way, which in this case can be tangibly represented by five thousand dollars."

This scene was taking place in the room of two young men, Roderick Drake and Bert Thompson, reporters on the "Daily Eagle." The time was just

before dinner, and the two young men were cleaning up for their meal.

"What are you doing this evening, Rod?" asked Bert.

"Oh, I've got to interview some rich old gentleman, Boswell E. Barclay by name, as to his views on life, you know the usual line, 'what do you think of this, that, and the other thing.' When I got the assignment, I rang up this Mr. Barclay, and he invited me out to dinner at his home. Imagine! He must be an affable old fellow. He's a bachelor I guess and lives pretty much by himself. So I eat in society tonight, boy friend, just me and 'Bozzy' Barclay sitting down to a millionaire dinner."

Having arrived at Boswell Barclay's country home, Rod was ushered in and was soon enjoying a most sumptuous repast amid elegant surroundings. His host was, as he had predicted, an affable person, quiet, retired, charming, in short, a gentleman of the old school. Leisurely they dined, restricting their conversation to small talk.

The meal finished, they retired to the old gentleman's library of which the coziness was enhanced by a cheerful, crackling fire in a large open fireplace. The fire served not only to dispel the chill and gloom of the autumn evening, but likewise brought the two men together on more intimate terms, and despite the difference in their ages and social positions they were soon chatting as if they were old cronies.

Rod had prepared himself for a rather tiresome interview when he left his room, and here he found himself enjoying a very delightful evening.

Having asked the conventional questions according to the formula he always used for an interview, and receiving answers that were not so con-

ventional, the talk steered into more personal channels, as Boswell Barclay began to talk of himself and his earlier days. Living alone as he did, he seldom had a chance to converse with an appreciative and sympathetic young listener, such as he had on this evening, and he made the most of his chance. Mellowed by the influence of good food and the cheerfully crackling fire, with the semi-darkness of the room soothing the sharp outlines of reality, he conjured up faded memories of his past.

"The one great sadness in my life, Roderick," (their intimacy had already reached this stage), Boswell musingly spoke while he puffed at his cigar, "has been the loss of my brother Joe."

"Oh, he died?" queried Rod sympathetically.

"No, worse than that." replied Boswell. "He disappeared years ago when I was but twenty-five and was still struggling to make a living. He was my only brother, two years younger than I, and we were the best of pals. Then I went to the city to start my climb up the ladder of success, and Joe soon left home to seek his fortune in business. We wrote often, but one day one of my letters was returned unopened. He had left the boarding house where he had been staying, and I couldn't locate him. If he wrote me, his letter must have been lost in the mails. Soon afterwards, I had to go to South America on business, and there I stayed for six years." Boswell paused to puff at his cigar and stare contemplatively at the fire for a few moments.

"Yes, it's been forty years since I've heard from Joe," he continued. "His disappearance has been the one blight on my life. Here I have so much money and no one with whom to share it, and Joe might be in dire straits. How happy I'd be to locate him

again. I've tried everything, but it's worse than finding a needle in a haystack.

"Joe and I used to get along exceedingly well. Our thoughts ran along the same lines, and we both liked to read and talk about the books we read. We used to discuss life and our plans for the future as youth will do, and we swore eternal allegiance. One little point always used to be an issue of debate with us." Boswell paused to chuckle reminiscently. "Joe used to read the '*Atlantic Monthly*,' but I never cared for magazines. I said that it was a waste of time to read magazines, and that if there were any good stories or articles in the periodicals they would come out in book form later, so if one stuck to books, he would be sure to utilize his reading time wisely. He stuck by his guns, however, and said he'd read the '*Atlantic Monthly*' till his dying day, depriving himself of food if necessary in order to buy his copy. He maintained that the *Atlantic* could furnish him with all of the reading he had time to do, and he insisted that he'd get as much out of it as I would from all my books. I wonder if he did. By Jove! I'd give five thousand dollars to find him," Boswell declared, bringing his fist down with a bang on the arm of his chair. "But here, you don't want to be listening to the senile complaints and sentimental musings of an old man, and it's getting late too."

Rod protested that he was enjoying himself, but Boswell was adamant, and Rod really was tired out, so after a little more talk he left with a cordial invitation to come again.

"Gosh! I wish I could run into that Joe Barclay," Rod mused as he lay in bed before dropping off to sleep. "It would be just like meeting my future, for it would mean that five thousand dollars

Barclay said he'd give to find his brother. But after all it is, as he said, like looking for a needle in a haystack." Then, tired out by a hard day, he lapsed into sleep, that priceless gift which nature gives to rich and poor alike.

"Bert, I'm going to get that five thousand dollars," joyfully exclaimed Rod the next morning.

"Going to rob a bank?" his roommate inquired.

"Never you mind what I'm going to do, just get me the address of the 'Atlantic Monthly' company while I write a letter."

"Oh, going to dash off a poem for the old 'Mag' I suppose. Oh, the time, when the 'Atlantic Monthly' will give five thousand dollars for anything you write!" jeered Bert.

"I'm not going to get the money for any poem," replied Rod.

"How are you going to get it then?" Bert persisted.

"I'm going to find the needle in the haystack," Rod mysteriously replied, setting to work on his letter which, after finding out the address he desired, he mailed, and then set out for his day's work.

Ten days later he received a letter from the Atlantic Monthly, and after he had read its contents he gleefully rushed to the telephone and called Boswell E. Barclay. Scarcely controlling his elation he began his conversation with Barclay after explaining his identity.

"Are you still willing to pay five thousand dollars to find out the whereabouts of your brother, Joe?" Rod asked.

"Why certainly," replied Barclay excitedly, "why, —why, have you found him? Tell me!"

"Yes, Mr. Barclay, your search is over. He is living in Greensboro, Wyoming."

"But—but how did you find him?" Barclay asked incredulously.

"It was easy," Rod replied. "You see he stuck to his convictions, and he still reads the 'Atlantic Monthly.'"

"But what has that got to do with it? I see no connection there."

"Well, I wrote to the Atlantic Monthly and, as I had hoped, he was a subscriber. They sent me his address which was on their subscription list," Rod replied.

"Young man, such ingenuity must be rewarded. Your finding my brother has made you ten thousand dollars richer, and has given you a friend for life. Come to dinner this evening and bring that address." So Boswell Barclay closed the conversation.

"Well, Bert, tomorrow we quit our jobs and become magazine editors." Rod announced to his roommate that night.

"What?" Bert unbelievingly demanded, "you don't mean to say you got the five thousand?"

"Five thousand?" Rod replied loftily, "don't be a piker, here's a check for ten thousand dollars!"

Gazing at his companion with awe, Bert exclaimed, "Gosh! How in the world did you get that?"

Rod laughed. "Oh it wasn't hard, I just found the needle in the haystack."

Warren C. Abrahamson '31

Politeness is not always a sign of wisdom; but the want of it always leaves room for a suspicion of folly, if folly and imprudence are the same.

—Landor.

SEPARATION

Dost thou, friend, remember the two ships that lay
Asiding, tight anchored on a smooth sunny bay?
'Twas winds blowing fiercely one sad gloomy morn
That drove them asunder like friendship foresworn.

At first only small ripples were marring the bay
Where on, oh, you noticed, these friendly ships lay.
But wild winds blew strongly, and the following days
Found both drifting lonely o'er billows and sprays.

Then dragging at anchor, one close to the shore
Sought to gain a mere glimpse of its partner once more,
But the other was gone and could not comprehend
That its presence alone could bring joy to its friend.

The one sought to break moorings and bound o'er the
wave

To save its companion from a watery grave;
But, oh, the fell typhoon, and the storm's hissing din
Turn all its resolves into pain and chagrin.

Quite such separation on life's troubled main
Obtains between friends, when broken entwain
Is that friendship which made life so glad and serene
That neither feared storms that might intervene.

But dismaying winds rise, ah, who is to blame?
That bring stormy quarrels and life's no more the
same;
For quarrels bring sad parting and hatred anon
With blight on all friendship, how'er smoothly begun.

Ralph Boker '31

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE

The heat rolled across the desert in stifling waves. The camels were footsore, and the faces of the riders were burned and cut by the driving sand. Myriads of cactus plants showed like troops of distorted horsemen. Henry Warren and two fellow archaeologists were returning from a tour of exploration. Two more days, and they would join the main expedition at Karnak, where they would be compelled to report the failure of their venture. They had been positively sure that they could find the sacred tomb, the location of which had long been a puzzle to the scientists. Now they would have to face the good-natured jeers of the more skeptical members of the party, who had maintained without hesitation that the existence of the tomb was an unfounded rumor.

It was growing dusk. Soon the cold, bleak, desert night would settle down. Already the stars were beginning to appear faintly, one by one. Warren called a halt in a little valley between two enormous sand dunes and suggested that preparations be made for camp. Wearily the men dismounted from their beasts. Young and Saunders, Warren's two friends, engaged in conversation with him about the journey, when Warren turned away suddenly saying that he would "scare up" something for a fire.

He left the men, and scurried down the valley in search of stunted shrubs. In ages past a river had flowed there, leaving only a trace of its meandering on the winding floor. Pressing onward down a plane of bare rocks dotted by huge boulders, and out upon a level floor of scant sage, he caught sight of an unfamiliar object in a ravine. This depression

appeared to have been recently made by the shifting of the dunes. Immediately his curiosity was aroused and he decided to investigate the matter. The moon was brilliant, making the desert as bright as day. Drawing near to the object, Warren saw that it was a tomb, and on closer examination he discovered a huge black stone blocking the doorway. Goaded on by curiosity, he tried to force an entrance, but all his efforts were vain. Suddenly his attention was attracted to a bit of Egyptian writing. He deciphered it slowly;

"Anyone Disturbing This Tomb" it read, "Shall Perish By the Hand of The Gods."

Warren's blood turned to ice; then to fire.

"The Sacred Tomb!" he exclaimed, "the shifting dune has uncovered it. Now it will be our turn to laugh at our skeptical friends." He smiled eagerly as thoughts of success crowded into his mind.

Disregarding the words that boldly conveyed a curse, Warren, after repeated efforts, finally succeeded in forcing an entrance and stepped within the doorway. Overwhelmed by great joy, he looked curiously about, but decided not to tamper further with the mystery until his friends should arrive.

Young and Saunders were busily arranging the camp and giving orders to their helpers, when a piercing scream shot across the desert—a scream of despair. It trailed off into a strange, gurgling sound which finally died out in an echo. The painfully piercing cry alarmed both Saunders and Young. They started on a run in the direction of the sound, surmising that something had happened to Warren. As for the servants, they were terrified, and stood frozen in their tracks, cowering and jabbering among themselves like a pack of idiots.

The two men came upon their friend lying in the doorway of the tomb; crushed to death by the huge stone which had blocked the entrance. Extricating the body, and laying it down gently, they stepped within the tomb. The close air sickened them; the silence of the tomb oppressed them.

"Poor Warren!" said Young, and his voice sounded like an echo from the regions of the dead. "This is the tomb we've been looking for, but what a price has Warren paid for the discovery! There's nothing to do now but get back to Karnak and to report what has happened."

They dug a grave near the tomb and tenderly buried their friend. After the gruesome task had been finished they returned to camp. The servants had fled in sheer terror. The camels had disappeared. Young started out to round them up, and Saunders sat down by the fire to meditate on the strangeness of the things which had happened. Warren had found the long-sought-for tomb, but he had paid for the achievement with his life. All through the night, Saunders fed the fire at intervals, and still Young did not return.

With the early morning he went in search of him. Doubts crowded upon his mind. What if he was hurt? What if he was lost? What if he had been the victim of a desperate desert band? Filled with consternation he continued his search throughout the whole day. Toward evening he came upon a cleanly picked skeleton, lying near a clump of shrubs. He started violently at the discovery as he recognized a piece of torn clothing which belonged to Young.

Oh God! A victim of wild beasts. What demon of the desert was haunting him and his crew? Reeling with faintness he jabbered to himself like a

man suddenly gone mad. Was some mysterious power punishing the members of the party for tampering with the tomb? His brain refused to function. A form of madness seemed to be settling upon him. Fear held him in its grip like a vise. He could feel the steely fingers of death closing around him. Desperately he fought to regain his reason, but the battle seemed to go against him.

"I can't give up," he stammered, "the camels—they must be somewhere about this all-forsaken place!—The chances are all against me, but—I must reach Karnak."

Night settled, but still the half-maddened man wandered about. His face was swollen and peeling, and his lips had begun to crack from heat and thirst. The loss of sleep and worry were too much for him. At last, unconscious he plunged down beneath a ledge.

A moaning wind arose swooping down upon the desert with a wall of flying sand. The air grew thick and dark. Slowly the shifting sands covered the body of the unconscious man. The sand piled higher and higher.

The storm finally blew itself out. But lo! In place of the ledge there now towered a huge mound of sand.

Another day was nearing its close. Faintly the stars shone from the darkening sky. At last the desert god was avenged, and the mystery of the tomb remained sealed. Stillness descended like a blanket, while no evidence of the mute tragedy remained. Everything remained wrapped in the profound silence of death.

Jos. Pastorek '31

SMILES

No, it is not the laugh that has a meaning all its own, unless it be the 'horse-laugh' that is known to betray a vacant mind, but it is the smile that is so plumb full of meaning as to give it the honored distinction of being the nucleus of an appealing personality. Anybody who will observe closely will discover that there are shadings to the smile that give origin to a host of suggestions which have led people to distinguish the pleasant, the ironical, the contemptuous, the sardonic and the pathetic smile. Of course there is the smirk which is merely an incipient stretching of the lips with no definite indication as to whether the affair will turn out to be a smile, laugh or guffaw, and as such it must be relegated to a category of lip-stretching that is in no way cousin-germane to the smile.

Now as to what may provoke a smile, there are guesses innumerable. Perhaps a baby will smile if its rattle be shaken, but it surely will repay anybody who coddles it properly with a smile of angelic innocence and delight. An intelligent joke may be rewarded by an intelligent, or for that matter even by a stupid smile. But it makes no difference which is the result as both are equally pleasant. Whatever is villainous in nature can only be repaid by a smile in kind which is little else in character than the reaction produced by vinegar on the taste buds in the mouth. There is no kind of smile, however, that rises from more profound depths in the human system than does the sardonic smile of the offender or its slight modification, namely, the cynical smile of the misanthrope. One or the other person might

claim this distinction for the smile of the coquette, but that is all a mistake, as the lip contortions of the coquette belong to the smirk which is usually little more than worthless in meaning.

But a smile of the right kind is a great commodity as it produces relief in situations that cannot be smoothed over by any other means. How will not the thief try to bolster up his feelings when caught in the act of stealing or when pinioned by a policeman by cutting a smile that opens the flood-gates of chagrin and thus gives some easement to his flustered mind! A smile no less significant comes to the relief of the half-back in a football game when just in a crisis he fumbles the ball. Even the criminal in a court of justice, when he hears the judge ring out the word "guilty," endeavors to find comfort in some variety of doggish grin that will assist him in crushing the emotions of fear. Grins that bespeak anguish hardly less in quality than that of a criminal could in olden times—so report has it—be seen on the faces of naughty youngsters whose parents believed in the dictum, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," but in present times, since these words have come to be interpreted as a command, naughty youngsters are free to indulge the villainous smile without the least shadow of a grin. In reality, it seems that the grin has slipped from the faces of the roust-a-bouts only to take its place among the wrinkles of worry on the faces of parents.

There are other instances, however, in which the smile plays that part in human life for which it seemingly was intended when at first it was set aside as a special gift for man. Who has not experienced

the power as contained in a smile to demolish troubles, down-heartedness, aches, and pains of every description? In fact a smile may well be called a panacea for every ornery vexation that besets human life—a real cure-all. It cures "blue Mondays," it cures enmities, it cures doubts, it cures every feeling of perplexity and uneasiness. If only people would learn to smile more and frown less, they would not have to depend upon the sun in the sky to fill their lives with sunshine, but they could create all that beneficent influence themselves. In place of allowing their minds to hatch out and foster ever new and more monstrous difficulties, they would do well to revolve in their heads ideas similar to the ones expressed in the following lines of poetry:

"There is no room for sadness
When we see a cheery smile,
It always brings the same good luck,
It's never out of style;
It nerves us on to try again
When failures make us blue,
Such dimples of encouragement
Are good for me and you."

Alvin Jasinski '31

Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?

—Pope

Never carry your shotgun or your knowledge at half-cock.

—Austin O'Malley.

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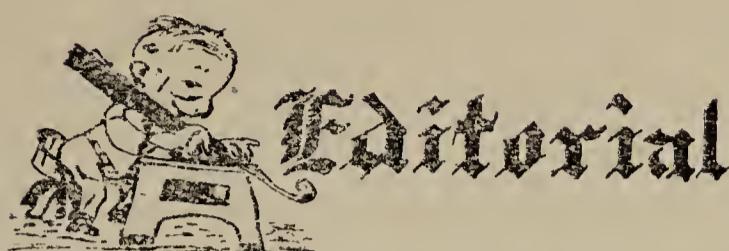
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"Every cloud has a silver lining," so says the ancient adage, and heartily we agree. The dreary days of winter are fast passing into oblivion, and upon our horizon a new and brighter season is dawning—a season, indeed, that carries a silver lining. Spring the most delightful of all seasons will soon be beckoning admittance, and from our hearts we say let it beckon! Spring may be termed the season of regeneration, for it is during these months that the first flowers spread their fragrance upon the world; that the fresh, green grass again appears by the mossy brink and in the velvety covering of the lawn; that the birds, inveigled by balmy breezes, return from their winter homes in the south and instill a melodious message of cheer in the hearts of all; that the tiny squirrels leave their sordid but cozy homes in the trunks of rotten trees to frisk about in the warm sunlight; that man himself becomes cognizant of a new enthusiasm that has remained dormant during the winter. Oh! it is good to be out in the fresh spring air, to wander among the trees and fields to the heart's content. But we should remember that a good thing overdone is a bad thing in itself. We must not allow our feelings to master us completely, lest we fall into that error so common in springtime—over-indulgence or "spring-fever."

Spring usually takes such complete control of man that, coming as it does immediately after the long, weary winter months, man becomes oblivious of his work and gives himself up to utter abandon-

ment, living merely for the joy he derives from life and the happiness of being alive in springtime. The student is no exception to this "iron-clad" rule; in fact he obeys it more readily than does the laboring man. The student, on a bright, sunny morning, goes to class listlessly swinging a book from hand to hand. He takes a seat by the window and at once proceeds to turn his mind to what should only occupy his mind at recess. He is present in body, but in spirit he is dancing with spring; he is playing ball or roaming the campus, in a word he has "spring-fever." This is a mental trouble that must be warded off at this season of the year, because if it is not carefully avoided it will recur again and again. An industrious student, however, will disregard this amiable feeling of indolence which comes over him each year, and will admire spring for what it is, namely, the most beautiful of all seasons, and animated by this spirit, will manifest a rejuvenated zest for his studies. His motto should be: "Welcome Spring for what you are; 'spring-fever' be gone!"

J. A. S.

Often, after having read an essay written by a recognized master in this particular field of literary composition, the reader is wont to wonder how such a marvelous style was procured. He wonders how one can express himself so precisely, so forcefully, and with such correctness of form, that his work is bound to be admired by readers. It is the old story of nothing being gained without painstaking and conscientious labor. Just as one gains a broader outlook on life by adding one experience to another, whether personal or vicarious, so it is that the essayist gains a coherent and vigorous style by the re-

peated and conscientious exercise of his faculties in essay-writing. The results of constant striving for perfect form in essay-writing are the habit of clear-thinking, an enlargement of one's vocabulary, and the power to express oneself clearly and forcefully on any topic which may present itself for discussion. For one preparing himself for clerical work in which he will be confronted by the questions of everyday life, surely these are requisites without which he will find himself impeded and greatly handicapped.

ST. PATRICK

Confused in knowledge were the ethnic minds
Of Irish Lords and Clans and gallant youths;
Black doubt that hope with evil fetters binds
In deep benighted held all sacred truths.

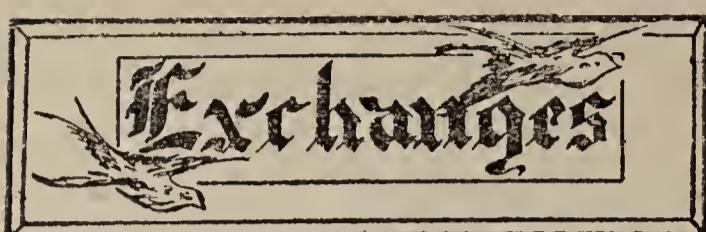
But slowly wending o'er unconquered soil,
With torch of faith to melt the chains of night,
St. Patrick came, and by unceasing toil
Made straight the way to lead this folk aright.

Spare shamrocks burnished with celestial grace,
For him were Holy Roads in every nook;
To them, as signs, he turned in every place
To teach the legend held in God's own book.

Then further spoke of that divine command,
By light of which man learns of his sole aim
Towards which the star of truth like guiding hand
Directs all those who would God's name acclaim.

He showed how man in fear must courage take,
And flout the clouds of danger he may dread;
For big with mercy then these clouds will break
And shed in torrents blessings on his head.

L. C. Storch '32



Collegiate, clean-cut, and wholly enjoyable is our estimate of the AQUINAS from St. Thomas College, Scranton, Pennsylvania. "A Promising Prom-Miss" is good, although the plot was not too original. The author of "The Pro's and Stu's of an Examination" digresses daringly on a situation, all too sad but true. Woul dthere were a remedy! We delighted in the well-thought tidbits found under "Sawdust and Shavings." Your humor section is especially bright.

A very excellent college or university publication possessing an admirable variety of contemporary literature, almost perfectly written material, and a sincere expression of successful literary endeavors needs little praise from such as us. All we do is digest every ensuing issue of SHADOWS from Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska, and then sit back and marvel at its wonderful delectability. But where are the poems of M. A. Lindberg?

A dove in winter is a thing of beauty not to be unnoticed. One that stopped at our exchange-window while on its search for shining stars afforded us much appreciation. Coming from Mount St. Scholastica College, Atchison, Kansas, the DOVE brought with it a fine literary experience. "To Lost Childhood" was one of those pleasant, friendly little poems one likes to read every now and then. Peter Pan "of the sun-splashed hills" is someone even we are wanting to live with. The editorial on the use and misuse of books is very well-written. The For-

um department is interesting. All in all, the DOVE makes us want to see it come again.

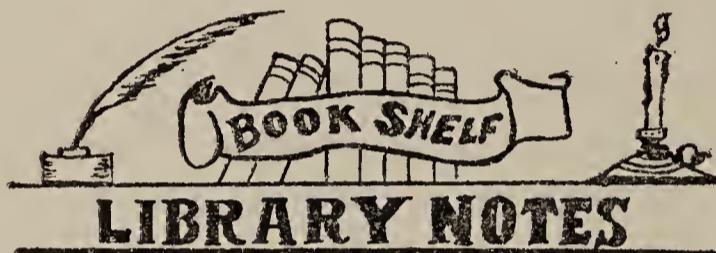
To read "Emmalina" by Cornelia Reagan in the bi-annual PELICAN from Nazareth College, Louisville, Kentucky, is to spend five minutes filled with pleasure. The style of the story is attractive and amusing. Aunt Agatha, prim old spinster, performs what she thinks to be a coup d'etat, but what proves to be a terrible humiliation, and that because of a blunder by poor little Emmalina, who is "a specimen of the modern methods of raising the young, brought up in a two-by-four apartment on condensed milk and radio music." The author is to be commended. "Carmen" written in vers libre is exceptionally good. The important reiteration of the name of Carmen strikes the keynote of the poem. Intensity and restraint are superbly retained throughout culminating in a fine climax.

"Along Mazda Row," "Birds I'll Bag" and "Scope Squints" are columns of clever note, which for us spell the GOTHIC from Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit, Michigan. The first two are our monthly desserts. There is a slight disappointment in the brevity of the essays, not that we would want to see them longer, but just more of them. Success to the GOTHIC!

From St. Lois College, Honolulu, Hawaii, comes the ST. LOUIS COLLEGIAN. We are interested in your activities, students in Hawaii, and through the medium of your paper, we manage to keep up with you. Although the COLLEGIAN is more or less a campus sheet, nevertheless its columns are generously interspersed with literary gumdrops. The recent write-up on Father William Chaminade was

handled very well. Harry Fernandes is to be congratulated on his fine Literary Echoes.

We acknowledge: THE BROWN and WHITE; VINCENTIAN; CENTRIC; BLACK and RED; THE CHRONICLE with its gleaming new cover; PRINTCRAFTERS; ST. JOHN'S RECORD; and the LOOK-AHEAD.



LIBRARY NOTES

CORRECTING SPANISH HISTORY

ISABELLA OF SPAIN: THE LAST CRUSADER,
by William Thomas Walsh.

The establishment of the Inquisition; the defeat of the Saracens in Spain, who, with fire and scimitar, were elsewhere piercing nearer and nearer to the heart of Christendom; the expulsion of the Jews; and the discovery of America—these were the direct results of that grand explosion of Spanish energy which had its immediate ignition in the genius of Isabella and in the capability of Ferdinand. But the explanation and even the history of this outburst (culminating in the two Christian sovereigns) has been more than a challenge to analytical historians and to sound judgment: it has been the butt of ridicule and bias. The “official” historian of Isabella’s reign is Prescott. To him, erudite as he was, the Spanish temperament of the fifteenth century was no open book, because “he could not wholly forget the prejudices of an early nineteenth century Bostonian.” Llorente, his chief source on the In-

quisition, was intentionally dishonest; and Lea's bias and errors are oftentimes self-ridiculous. These men who were followed by minor writers with added dis-color, have been too long unchallenged. With new material and with the firm intent of fairness, Mr. Walsh has successfully set about to break down their influence and to correct their mistakes. In regard to the Inquisition he has followed the scholarly Vacandard; and in his treatment of Columbus he suggests Andre. For his method he has not gone to the psychographists—the history of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella is “a tale so dramatic, so fascinating, that it needs no embellishing or piecing out with wisdom—or folly—of another age.” Walsh’s narrative competency arouses the imagination of the most phlegmatic reader, and this power plus a judicious historical understanding has given Isabella the shining aureole for which she has waited these past centuries.

DE SOTO AND THE CONQUISTADORES, by Theodore Maynard.

The dashing, adventurous De Soto is typical of all the Spanish Conquistadores. His romantic career, like that of Cortez or Pizarro, was characterized by avarice for the reputed gold of the New World, by deep religious convictions, by forcefulness, courage, chivalry, cruelty, and immorality. These very vices and virtues, so fiercely engendered in their souls during the long struggle with the Moors, found an outlet in New Spain, and have been the motives for the long standing misconceptions of the Conquistadores as mere treasure-seekers. After having meticulously arrayed his facts and judged them beyond impugnment, Mr. Maynard has assayed to do

for the Conquistadores what Walsh has done for Ferdinand and Isabella. He does not whitewash these half-plunderers, half-missionaries: he clarifies their motives, evil and virtuous, and does not minimize their cruelties, intrigues, and general deflection from their soldier-missionary purposes; nor does he, on the other hand, exaggerate their virtues and ideals. What he has really accomplished is their humanization. One has only to read the scene describing De Soto's burial under the "Father-of-Waters" to appreciate Maynard's poetic insight and descriptive powers. Some "youthful" readers may not appraise the general candor of expression, as retarded by the details into which Mr. Maynard plunges; but even for them this story of the Conquistadores, despite deviations, cannot fail to be worth while reading.

DIEU LO VULT!

THE CRUSADES: IRON MEN AND SAINTS, by Harold Lamb.

Buried among the antique tomes of the Vatican Library, Mr. Lamb studied the history of the crusades from original manuscripts written by two chaplains and an unknown knight, participants in the Holy Wars. By this research he has divorced himself from contemporary authorities, and has imbibed the true spirit of the crusades; hence, there is no distortion of the purposes, ideals, and deeds of the "iron men and saints." The tale which the chronicler of Ghengis Khan and Tamerlane has to tell us is one of mixed horror and joy; horror in the battles, fatigues, and hardships of the anabasis; joy in the ultimate liberation of the Holy Sepulchre. Deftly each scene is re-enacted and each character takes on

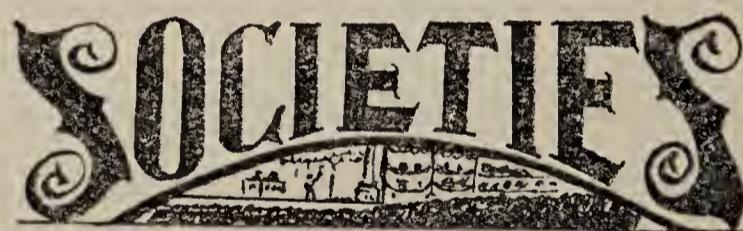
flesh and blood. Pope Urban II and Peter the Hermit, the preachers who first tsirred the hearts of all with "God Wills It!" are prominently depicted. On their summons "Christendom had taken up the sword against Islam, and the war went on for more than two centuries and some million human beings perished in it." Godfrey of Bouillon, Raymond, Gau-tier-sans-Avoir (Walter-without Wealth), Baldwin and Eustace, Stephen of Blois, Robert of Flanders, Bohemund, Tancred, and other iron-clad knights—these indomitable leaders of the European host move across the pages of this book, a magnificent pageant of heroes. Richard Coeur de Lion, Baibars, and Saladin, who appear as the great dramatic figures of the later crusades, are to come in Mr. Lamb's next book. His style is indicative of the crusades; it rings with a definitely popular and martial tone. His portrayal has the epic flourish and glamour of Ariosto's "Jerusalem Delivered," to which "The Crusades" would serve as a fine critical introduction.

THINGS THEATRICAL

THE THEATRE: THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF DRAMA, ACTING AND STAGECRAFT, by Sheldon Cheney.

In the midst of spirited compendia, stuffed with knowledge of this or that, there should be place for an outline of the drama and the related arts. Mr. Cheney is the first to write such a work in English and fortunately his accomplishment is much more felicitous than H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" or "Science of Life," or Durant's "Philosophy." In this book Mr. Cheney incorporates and interweaves the allied genealogies of drama, acting, and stagecraft. Impelled by a panoramic impressiveness the reader

traces them from their very origin in tribal dances to the motion picture of today—Asiatic masks; Egyptian “Passion Plays”; the drama of the Greeks, Romans, Hindus, Japanese, Chinese, Germans; Dyak native plays to Aeschylus; Chigamatsu, the Japanese, to Charlie Chaplin; mediaeval stage and Renaissance stage; Madame de Pompadour to Eleanora Duse, etc. Throughout this comprehensive study the author’s boundless enthusiasm and freshness are revealed. Chapters on “Where the Theatre Came from, and When,” “The Theatre in the Church,” “Opera, Picturing, and Acting,” and “Machine-Age Developments” are attractive to every student of the drama. As a general source and reference book, “The Theatre” is invaluable. The word “reference” usually infers dryness and dullness, but there is nothing of heaviness or prolixity in it, it is perfectly readable. “And so, Dionysus be with you.”



COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

On February 22, the Columbian Literary Society, in keeping with a well established precedent, presented a literary program. Since only two programs of this type are staged each year, they are all the more appreciated, as is clearly demonstrated by the manner in which they are received by the audience on each occasion. The recent program was especially interesting because it was the first public appearance of the Society in the course of this session,

and also because of the high quality of the dramatic presentations and speeches that were given.

The first speaker of the evening was Rouleau Joubert, who in turn introduced Leonard Cross, president. Mr. Cross showed in his inaugural address, "George Washington and the Constitution of the United States," much genuine appreciation of the ability of "the Father of His Country."

The debaters of the evening were Joseph Szaniszlo, affirmative, and Stephen Tatar, negative, in "Resolved that Democracy has been a Success in the United States." Judges' decision was given in favor of the negative, Stephen Tatar, who firmly and convincingly upheld his side of the controversy.

"The Hypnotist," a novel, one-act sketch by Leonard Rancilio, was something altogether new in the way of dramatic readings. With four youthful aids "the hypnotist" displayed his stupendous mental ability to concentrate and force the will of his subjects. His appearance was greatly enhanced by his unique make-up.

As a rule, things that are last in order chronologically make the deepest impression and are, by reason of their position, the best part of any program. So it was with the one-act play, "The Valiant," which comprised the larger part of the evening's entertainment. Many one-act plays do not contain much story element; this one, however, was built around a simple, but forceful incident in the life of a man. This incident, so common in the course of human life, centred in the predicament in which a convict, condemned to pay the penalty for murder, finds himself when trying to shield the good name of his family.

Richard Mueller, who played the role of the con-

vict, so strongly affected the audience by his realistic acting; which was in every way suggestive of the attitude of a condemned man, that many were deeply moved by his plight. His acting was ably seconded by Francis Mooney, and by Thomas Rieman, who, though a brother of the convicted man, was unable to identify him.

Cast of Characters

Warden Holt	-----	Francis Mooney
Father Daly	-----	Edward Roswog
James Dyke	-----	Richard Mueller
Charles Paris	-----	Thomas Rieman
Dan	-----	Bernard Rachel
Attendant	-----	Anthony Vorst

NEWMAN CLUB

The Newmans announce their intention of putting on "Gus Enfield: Town Property," a three act play with prologue, very soon after the Easter holidays. More than this has been carefully hushed up in regard to the preparations on foot for staging this program. No doubt it will be a surprise in the way of dramatic progress, because the Club has been striving harder than ever to excel all previous records, and in this way they are preparing themselves for their entry into the C. L. S. The Columbian Literary Society, by the way, is the culmination of all dramatic efforts in the various clubs of local repute.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

Progress in the local Mission Crusade Unit is best marked by the high quality of the monthly meetings. Each successive meeting has witnessed greater activities in the promotion of missionary work

carried on by the Crusaders. Being kept on a par with other meetings, the February meeting was marked by usual success.

At this time, the formal announcement of the annual Short Story contest was made. The idea met with the whole hearted approval of all the members. Even at this early date contestants have submitted manuscripts enough to bury desk, president, and all his staff. This is the kind of cooperation that bespeaks vigorous and genuine missionary zeal--the original purpose for the existence of the Crusaders of America.

In this season of Lent it is no more than right that the D. M. U. should wish to do all in its power to aid, support, and encourage those laboring in far off mission fields by spiritual help. As an expression of willingness to do its share in this respect, the Unit has established a spiritual treasury; the aim and purpose being to render aid to all missionary undertakings. The matter of electing a spiritual treasurer, however, has been deferred to a future meeting.

A short, but timely address by Fr. Knue, Moderator, brought home to the Dwengerites his appreciation of the progress of the Unit, and his words of encouragement went a long way towards bolstering up the general morale of the assembly.

The usual after-meeting program was presented by the Junior Class with the Rev. Gilbert Esser directing the production; a two-act drama of the Missions in jungle Africa, "Mid-African Knights." The motive behind the story of the play was the crooked scheming of the lawyer, who unscrupulously misguided the natives on the rubber plantation into believing that they were oppressed and mistreated.

The result was that they rebelled, only to be set aright by their missionary priest, while the villainous lawyer received his just punishment.

The entire cast deserves high praise for its commendable efforts in the enactment of the play, and yet, it is but fair that the work of Clarence Rastetter, the plotting lawyer, and Gomar De Cocker, his wily assistant, should be especially recognized.

Cast of Characters

Mr. Gordon, a rubber manufacturer—Charles Scheidler
Mark Gordon, his son ----- William McKune
Bambo, the Gordons' butler ----- Dominic Pallone
Jackson, a crooked lawyer ---- Clarence Rastetter
Father Thomas, a foreign missionary—Valerian Volin
Bantu, cook on Gordon plantation—Gomar De Cocker
And laborers on the Gordon plantation -----

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

With the coming of the second semester, the student looks forward to the days of spring and commencement; to new interests and to new entertainments;—and so, to aid him in fulfilling his desires, the Columbian Literary Society and the Newman Club, ably assisted by the Music Department have planned a rather full half-year for the St. Joe student. Indeed one such program has already been presented and must be proclaimed an unquestionable success.

When Professor Tonner raised his baton on the night of February twenty-second for the opening strains of Von Suppe's Light Cavalry Overture, the student body seemed to realize more than it has in the past that the musical organizations are just as deserving of attention and encouragement as are the Thespians behind the footlights. It was due

largely to this fact that the repetition of this soul-stirring and thrilling overture met with as much applause as did its initial rendition. Gauthier's intermezzo, "The Secret," lent just the right touch of relaxation after the literary part of the evening's program had been completed.

We have heard "La Paloma" and we have heard many other fascinating and lively masterpieces of Spanish music, but never did anyone depict more vividly the fire and enthusiasm of the Castilian race than did Borel in his Spanish march "La Sorella." To say that this number was outstanding, however, would be slandering the other two. In fact all three numbers were so well rendered that equal praise must be given to each. It is the opinion of the writer that the musical program of February twenty-second was the most enjoyable of the year.

The band will receive its opportunity to show "the stuff of which it is made,"—to correct Mr. Shakespeare—on the eve of St. Patrick's Day. A five-act play involving four changes of scenery is apt to prove tiresome to the most appreciative of audiences and the band has been mustered into service to waylay any tiresomeness that might be possible; and just watch them do their stunt! At the band's last public appearance the audience voiced its appreciation to Father Gilbert Esser, C. PP. S., Father Lucks, C. PP. S., and Father Bernard Scharf, C. PP. S., for helping the band put their program across. Fathers, we are waiting for you again!

During the penitential season, the choir is afforded little opportunity to show its ability, but with Easter not far in the distance and Holy Week just around the corner we may rest assured that there is enough to be done. In the opinion of the writer

the choir shines brightest when it sings Singenberger's "Jesu Dulcis Memoria-I." He wishes only that it were sung more often.

With the return of James Maloney, after a quarter's absence because of sickness, things take on a brighter aspect around the Music Department. Jim's saxaphone is a valuable asset to any band and orchestra, and his rich bass voice that takes care of so many solos is a welcome addition to the rather weak first bass section of the choir.

Shortly after Easter the combined forces of the Music Department will present a program that will be worth expecting. The songsters will present several examples of harmonious harmonizing, while the orchestra has selected some of the best loved masters to furnish their part of the program.

It will be worth waiting for! Shortly after Easter!

J. T. S.



ALUMNI NOTES

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit"—Vergil.
Meaning something like this,—Perhaps it will help
to have once upon a time remembered these things.

Stored away in the album of memory of many an Alumnus, ready to be enjoyed again at leisure, innumerable, significant pictures of a pleasant, happy student-life are slowly being obliterated by the vulgar touch of immediately urgent, practical, worldly affairs.

No possible harm, and much probable good—

in the form of a temporary willing relapse into the joys of the past, and a consequent momentary forgetfulness of self—can result from a brief sketch which aims to revivify just one of these neglected, imaginative pictures, so that it may “flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude.”

The scene is somewhere in the neighborhood of Collegeville, at almost any time several years ago.

It is eventide on the rolling stretches of sandy, damp soil. Three youths are seated on the grass near a dark patch of woods, forming a small semi-circle at the side of a bright, cheery, little fire.

In the throbbing, hungry flames of the fire, the young men have been reading the tales of centuries,—Love—Heroism—Courage—Manliness. They see all this,—and—they understand. In the select group, there is a realization that true companionship does not consist in endless, idle chatter. Some thoughts are too sacred to be put into words. Golden Silence in a Silver Night.

—After a time, one of the three bestirs himself, divides the last roasted wiener into three parts and smiles sheepishly. It is the crowning ‘finis’ of his cruelly realistic initiation into the intricacies of an early college sport—“Snipe Hunting.” The initiated cannot but understand.

“Yes, yes,—oh yes, lady, this is the very best, they don’t make ‘em any better. Just notice the beautiful rockers,—genuine, direct from the Rocky Mountains, etc. and more of the same.” Quotations from a salesman’s selling line. You are to take it for granted, of course, that it is the personality behind the staccato firing of sales talk which really obtains the results. Personality, in this instance, is represented by ‘Al’ Landwehr, formerly of the class

of '32, who is now capitalizing his ability as a pleading, forceful elocutionist by making desperate attempts to hoist the sale of furniture for an office-equipment concern in Denver, Colorado. 'Al' is remembered as a pool 'shark' of rather competent proficiency with an ever ready eye for finesse.

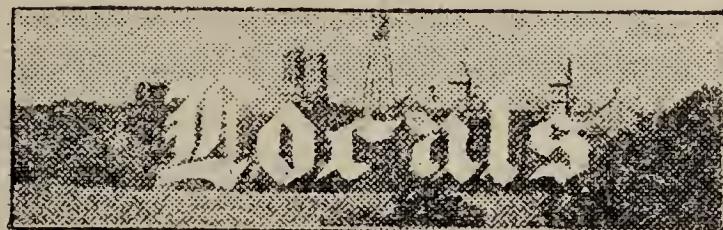
Songs have acquired an odd habit of turning up in the most unexpected associations. Hereafter when ever you sing "It Happened in Monterey," just recall that down there "In Monterey" in "Old Mexico" is a major seminary. In this seminary is a young student of philosophy, who goes by the name of Pedro Garza Cantu. The latest rumor informs us that Pedro is progressing well and that he is still the same old 'windless wonder' whenever there is a basketball game to be played. That's the old fight, Pete, we're all behind you,—for one reason,—we're not so fast, but then, you'll know what we mean.

On Friday, February 20, at 11:15 a. m., the busy occupants of 'Baker' Hall were temporarily entertained by the witty verbal reminiscences of a former inmate of that Hall. Fascinated by the mischievous, glinting light in the visitor's eyes, the college 'men' willingly lent him their ears and eyes. We are sorry that more of you, Alumni, don't drop in occasionally to ease our o'erburdened minds, and tell us about yourself, as did the Reverend Faustin Ersing, C. PP. S., '99.

Well, now how could anyone suppose that it happened? Instead of only three St. Joe boys being at Kenrick Seminary, in Missouri, there are four. 'Larry' Mattingly, of St. Joe's class of '28 is also there. Sorry, Larry for omitting your name in former notices, but you see, we just didn't know. Get this tho, if anyone gets rough or tough or nasty with any-

one of you fellows, and says something about "oh yeah, and whose army," you four just do your best with 'em,—which ought to be plenty,—until the reserves can be mobilized. St. Joe boys, and especially the Alumni, have a rather well-known reputation for being able to take care of themselves,—this merely by the way is intended as helpful information for those whom it may possibly concern.

Just a question, which shall be answered for himself by each Alumnus. Where will you be about two months from today???? Alumni Day is coming. It's worth a few moments of your thought. WE'RE EXPECTING YOU.



St. Joseph's College,
March 14, 1931,
Collegeville, Ind.

Dear Darlingest Parents:

Time and tide wait for no man and, believe me, old mister Proverb, who said 'them words' was right. Here I have been trying to find the time to write to you for a long time, but somehow or other I just couldn't get to it.

Well, Pa, everything out here at Collegeville is just fine and dandy. Spring is almost here, so they say, and once in a while the sun shines all day long. You know, pa, I don't believe in black cats and witches but Friday, February 13, sure was an unlucky day for me. It was unlucky because I lived through the

most embarrassing day of my life. Here's the way it happened. Last month when we celebrated Groundhog Day, I was tickled pink because all these 'fellers' from big cities flooded me with questions about the groundhog. 'Seeing as how' I was the the only one who knew anything about the subject, I had to explain everything. I told them that if the groundhog sees his shadow that means six more weeks of winter; and vice versa. The trouble was that the groundhog saw its shadow but we didn't have any winter. At first the 'fellers' called me a walking encyclopedia. (That means 'you are a smart guy'.) But now they call me The Centipede Limited; you know what that means!

Last Saturday in astronomy class I doubted my 'perfesser's' words for the first time in a long while. Generally I agree with him, but last Saturday I didn't. He tried to tell me that Easter comes on the first Sunday following the first full moon in Spring. Waal, hope in me, I've spent six long springs and winters in this here place and by whillikers I hasn't seen any moonshine around here; all I see is clouds. It may be different back at my old homestead, but by gorsh here in Indianer she's just as I said above. We sure did have a swell dinner on Washington's birthday. Talk about eats,—why the thresher's dinner would 'a looked like a lunch box aside of it. After seeing this layout I quit figgerin' why so many fellers come to Collegeville.

Waal, now about these here studies. I sure am acoming out like a suit of clothes at Easter time. In penmanship we are having the push and pull movement. Pa, after holding down one end of the old cross-cut saw at home, that push and pull stuff is like taking money away from a blind man with

glasses on. I like spelling, too. My perfesser told me that it wasn't much use for me to stay in class much longer. This only goes to show that I know everything about spelling, and maybe he is afraid that I will show him up sometime. In English my perfesser told me that my style was as natural as the daisies in December. Pa, you know how nice daisies is!

There was supposed to be the first baseball game of the season here last Sunday, but since the diamond is 'tawing' out, our baseball field looks like a river. Our fielders ain't such good swimmers, so the game was 'can sealed.' Gee whiz, pa, I near forgot to tell you something. Last week one of these gies tried to tell me that rabbits lay eggs. By gorsh, they proved it to me; they actually gave me some to eat. The peculiarest part of these eggs is that they have a hundred different colors, but they sure taste sweet. If you don't believe, pa, I'll send you some because I have a whole boxful and I had better get rid of them before they hatch.

And speaking of money, pa, I haven't felt my pocket for a month because there ain't anything to feel. And, dad, I just saw some real nice books on "Cykotheraputicks." I hate to be second hand, so if you could send me ten dollars, maybe I could buy them. I suppose everything is a-hummin' back on the old farm. Well, just about three months from now she will hum more than ever because your big, big boy is coming home with a 'summisimma cum laude' tagged to his coat; and 'magna cum speedo' at that. Bet you boots, paw! I will close with that

old Egyptian farewell—Mac Te Vir Toot Te Es Toe.
P. S. In English this means—goodbye.

The same as usual,

Your one greatful son,

Bill Puff.

P. S. After I had mailed this letter, I began thinking what a great sum ten dollars was to spend on a feller's education. Maybe I would be tempted to spend some of it on candy, so I decided to tell you that I could do without it and be content with my ordinary studies.—But this letter has already gone so just send the ten anyway. You might put in some extra money, so I won't be tempted to spend the ten.

Webster defines a surprise as "anything sudden and unexpected." This definition was correctly exemplified when on the morning of February 12, the announcement was made that classes would be dismissed from 9:15 a. m. to 11:00 a. m. The privilege was granted in order to give the students an opportunity to listen to His Holiness, Pius XI, broadcast from Station HVJ, the State of the Vatican City. It was indeed a unique privilege to be among the number who heard for the first time in history the living voice of the Roman Pontiff transmitted to all the world.

Although much of the conversation was in foreign tongues, nevertheless swarms of eager listeners could be found huddled about the loudspeakers in the Raleigh Smoking Club, in the Raleigh Poolroom, and in the Junior Poolroom. It could not be said, however, that all of the Latin speech was unintelligible to some of the St. Joseph's "tuners-in." Even though occasionally His Holiness spoke with unusual rapidity and though at times the reception was

not as favorable as it might have been, many of the more advanced Latin scholars managed to figure out the meaning of by far the greater part of the message. This last remark is not meant to cast any insinuations,—neither for the better, nor for the worse. It is to be understood as it is written.

Country day on the morning of February 23, spelled "Dog-day" for the members of the Fourth Year Class. To avoid the possibilities of a rainy day the class passed a motion in a meeting held a week before this date that a sum of money be appropriated to order good weather from Sears, Roebuck & Co. Strange to say, the order was filled to the very letter. After the camp fires had been kindled, little difficulty was encountered in sizzling the "dogs," which before consummation, were so pungently seasoned with mustard, horse-radish, and onions, that literally speaking, "the dogs began to bark."

To enable the canines to recuperate in their new habitation and to make room for the marshmallows, a general seventh inning stretch was called. During this intermission, many valuable prizes were distributed to the winners of various contests. A tooth brush and a tube of tooth paste with instructions to "clean house" were awarded to Bill Egolf, the winner of the "Biggest Lie Contest." Nasser Nasser, his only rival, captured second place. The homeward march in military fashion did not prove to be quite as unique as did the attempt at vocalization on the part of some of the Fourth Year members.

In the afternoon, most of the students made good use of the town day by performing the customary process of shopping.

WHAT HO!

A sure sign of spring appeared on the St. Joseph's campus a few days ago. On a first guess, the poet might say that perhaps a robin redbreast or a fresh dandelion was seen on the campus; the older folks might say that the first indication of classroom weariness was the unfailing herald of spring. All these surmises fall short of the real sign—baseball.

Even "Gib" Wirtz, General Athletic Manager, woke up to the fact that something must be done. In his fiery edict published on all the bulletin boards he laid down the rules governing the improvement, use, and preservation of the ball diamond. "Gib" and his assistant Junior Manager, "Peanuts" Ritter, henceforth can justly claim membership in the fraternity of the "Big Butter and Egg Men." One of the many tasks incumbent on "Gib" is to pull up Old Glory whenever there is an occasion to do so. Thus far, the General Manager has pulled up the flag but once; most of the pulling, it seems, has been done by Rouleau Joubert and George LaNoue, business managers of the COLLEGIAN. "Frenchy" and George make this a part of their pastime to fill up much of the time not spent in working for the welfare of the college journal. These two gentlemen are hereby given membership in the "Fat and Bones Club."

With the advent of baseball, the Junior Poolroom is expected to draw a large crowd with its added attraction, a radio which was installed by Father Koenn some time ago. The younger element of St. Joseph's will no longer be forced to stand during the whole of a big league game and "listen in" from the outside. They will not only enjoy the baseball games in home-like comfort, but also at the same time

imbibe some of the genial atmosphere and genuine fellowship that seems so prevalent in the north wing of the gymnasium within the "sanctum sanctorum" of the Junior Poolroom.

If the entertainment available in the Junior Poolroom is not the best, it is certainly "rapping on the door." With managers Besanceney and M. Vichuras hustling about, the impression made on visitors is one of solid enjoyment, and contagious pep. How could it be otherwise? For in the partnership of the present managers, it would be extremely difficult to find any evidence of "bones and fat," while "brains and muscles" are present in abundance.

Just to draw a few conclusions from the conglomeration of the above statements, it can be said that the Junior Poolroom is being put across in fine style, and enjoyed by all its patrons.

On Sunday, March 1, the students were entertained by Haig Arklin, experienced artist, lecturer and critic. Mr. Arklin spent most of his boyhood in France, and his study of painting was made under the guidance of many famous artists, including Ali-nari.

Such masterpieces as Da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" and "Last Supper," Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," Titian's "Tribute Money," Ruben's "Descent From the Cross," and Guido Reni's "St. Michael Conquering" were exhibited by Mr. Arklin. These pictures in the original colors, are reproductions made by Mr. Arklin on canvasses six by seven feet. The explanation included the high spots in the life of the artist, an interpretation of the picture with reasons for its being a masterpiece.



SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Sixths -----	5	1	.833
Fifths -----	4	2	.666
Thirds -----	4	3	.570
Seconds -----	3	4	.428
Fourths -----	0	6	.000

COLLEGE, 29; HIGH SCHOOL, 31

"Oh Boy, what an exciting game that turned out to be" was the laconic refrain of 300 spectators as, in a crowd, they pushed their way to the dormitories. The thrills of the evening game, and the swelling melodies of the band had stirred them deeply.

Now it was bad enough for the High School to defeat the College in the first game but it was downright vicious for the High School to refuse to take a licking in the second encounter. It is doubtful, however, whether many of the fans did very much sleeping after the game for the most of them were no doubt concerned with reflection on what the evening had produced in the matter of individual play. There was Cook, who floating away on the dying sound of the starting whistle, made the first basket for the High School. There were the long shots of Follmar and Forsee, which being made in the last quarter, caused the College to look on in heart palpitating amazement. There was the Roth-Berg passing combination and the spectacular guarding of Bubala and Scheidler.

The High School of course, does not lay claim to all the interesting events which made this game

enjoyable, for Kienly, Sheeran and Zahn also held the crowd in breathless admiration by their clever performing. Then there was Dreiling who pinch-hitting for Matthieu staged a prodigious comeback, making eight of the College's 16 points in the first half. The score at the end of this period was 16 to 15.

Taking the lead in the first period of the game the College managed to hold it for some time. Then Cook came along again, and put the High School rooters into a frenzy of delight when he made a basket in the last minute of the game, giving the High School a one-point lead. Forsee added the last point by a free throw just as the time-keeper added the last shot from his gun.

The Lineups:

College, 29	Positions	High School, 31
Gibson (c) (2)	F.	Forsee (4)
Dreiling (8)	F.	Cook (9)
Cross	C.	Horrigan
Sheeran (3)	G.	Scheidler (3)
Kienly (5)	G.	Bubala (c) (5)

Substitutions: College, Conroy (3), Koller (2), Zahn (4), Siebeneck (2), Mayer. High School:—Follmar (3), Berg (4), Hession (1), Roth (2). Officials: Referees, Rev. B. Scharf, Rev. H. Lucks. Timekeepers, Wirtz, Ritter.

SIXTHS, 28; SECONDS, 21

An unstoppable second half floor attack that swept the Sixths' basketball shooters for many set-ups, brought last year's basketball champs a 28 to 21 victory over the Seconds.

Throughout the first half the passes and shots of both teams, far from what could be expected from teams of their high standings, showed that

either the players were not as yet warmed up, or that they were nervous.

At the opening of the second half, however, the Sixths brushed up their team work to such an extent that Sheeran and Matthieu swept around the guards with ease, making 17 points. Of course this did not prevent Berg and Hession from scoring for they too piled up many points.

FIFTHS, 27; FOURTHS, 21

In the first quarter of this game the ball rolled back and forth on the floor with the Fifths' second team playing on equal terms with the cellar holders. "Peanuts" Ritter, toward the last part of this frame dropped a marker into the basket, followed immediately by a long one by Follmar that put a "4" on the score-board for the Fourths. Downey then countered with one for the Fifths. Kemp shot one for the Fourths, making the score 6-2 in favor of his team, and the quarter ended. In the second frame the Fifths substituted their first-stringers and at once proceeded to show the Fourths how the game should be played. Two baskets by Conroy and Siebeneck in rapid succession tied the score early in the second quarter and for the remainder of the first half the two teams played a rather listless brand of basketball that finally ended 10 to 10.

The second half at the very outset gave promise of more interest and the two teams went to it with a will. The score was close, now one combination ahead by a basket and then the other. In the last part of the fourth quarter, however, the Fifths asserted themselves to win by the comfortable margin of 27-21.

THIRDS, 31; SECONDS, 25

The Thirds handed in another clever piece of

work in the form of a basketball game when they defeated the Seconds who have been causing quite a sensation in the Senior League by their stellar playing.

A rally which saw 10 points in the final quarter gave the Thirds their victory. Hitherto, the lead kept changing hands, with both teams staging periodic spurts. The Thirds lead at the half, 17 to 14.

Scheidler's skillful and consistent guarding, coupled to Cook's good shooting and Horrigan's 6 points made in the last quarter, changed the tide which had given the Seconds their first victory over the Thirds about a month ago.

ACADEMIC LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Fifths -----	5	0	1.000
Sixths -----	4	1	.800
Thirds -----	2	3	.400
Seconds -----	1	4	.200
Fourths -----	1	4	.200

FOURTHS, 10; THIRDS, 24

Taking the kinks and knots out of their hitherto erratic passing attack, the Thirds showed a marked improvement in both departments of the game to defeat the Fourths 24 to 10.

Elder and Rausch furnished the oil that made the wheels of their team run smoothly, while Kenney and Wurm formed a hilltop defence that was not always easy to break.

SIXTHS, 17; FIFTHS, 40

In the final quarter the Fifths let go a barrage of long and short shots in their game with the Sixths which put them on the longer end of a 40 to 17 score. This quick succession of baskets was attended

by such speedy floor work that the breeze gave the writer, who happened to be exposed to the playing of this game, a bad cold. However, things could have been worse, for the whole Sixth Year team might have caught pneumonia.

The better Fifth year performers of this game were Strasser, Nardecchia, Lange, Harris and Gollner.

FOURTHS, 21; SECONDS, 14

Glick's long shot in the beginning of the last quarter furnished the spark that started the Fourth Acs into action against the Seconds. And once this quintet got going it was all over for the Seconds who at the half had an eight-point lead. To such an extent did the Fourths continue their scoring streak that the sound of the sizzling net began to hold the Seconds rigid.

Better luck to you, next time, Seconds and more power to you, Fourths.

JUNIOR NOTES

SENIORS, 19; SENATORS, 14

The Seniors of the Junior League, as they call themselves, received their first chance to react to the feeling of winning a basketball game when they defeated the Senators in another Junior League game. It was not, however, just like another game, for unlike many games of that league, this one had snap, interest and a close score with an alternating lead which gave it an air of suspense throughout.

Captain Bucher, Shenk, Hoffman and Mueller by their good work have merited a mention in connection with their victory. Had the Senators won the same could have been said about Reichlin and Moore.

TYROS, 14; HOLY TERRORS, 12

Frank Chance and Dame Luck, despite the time-

absorbing urge of their numerous other duties on February 13th, took an afternoon off to be present at a basketball game which was played between the Tyros and the Holy Terrors. Frank made his presence felt when Schnurr of the Holy Terrors made a basket by chance in the last period of the game, tying the score. Dame Luck made her presence felt when Novak by luck sank a basket in the overtime period to win the game for the Tyros.

The fact that both teams were evenly matched and desperately intent on winning this game, helped to bring out the hidden basketball abilities of such players as Novak, Spalding, and Iffert of the Tyros and Miller, Lemkuhl, and Nasser of the Holy Terrors.

MIDGET NOTES

SPEEDY FIVE, 21; COMETS, 17

Filled to overflowing with joy because the mid-year examinations were finished, two midget league teams classified in the score book as the Speedy Five and the Comets, meeting on the basketball floor gave vent to their joy through the channels of their basketball abilities.

As a result, we enjoyed watching one of the fastest and snappiest midget games of the current season. Always pulling surprises one team tried out-smarting the other by its tugging and teasing tactics.

The Speedy Five getting a good start piled up an early lead, and when the Comets started to play like themselves again they learned to their regret that the time was too short for them to catch up.

The results of this game makes both teams tie for first place.

NETTERS, 12; TIGERS, 11

Stirred by some deep-seated yearning to win a

basketball game, the Tigers who claim last place all to themselves, piled up 11 points in the final quarter, making the score 11 to 10 a few minutes before the final whistle. But Ottenweller of the Netter team wiped out the incredulous anticipatory victory, by getting range of the basket a few seconds before the game ended.

Ottenweller and Granson of the Netters; Woodward and O'Connor of the Tigers, by their superb playing, were led from the shadows of obscurity into the limelight.

COMETS, 17; ORIOLES, 10

One warm afternoon in February two teams of the Midget league, answering to the names of Comets and Orioles, played a basketball game. The Orioles lost, so who won? Three guesses. But oh—of course, you guessed the first shot that the Comets won.

The Orioles, however, during this game did not play their best, and it would not make any difference if they had, for Beeler, Bresnan, and Rinderly were absolutely unstoppable.

Humor by *Cephalopod*



"I want a can of consecrated lye."

"You mean concentrated lye."

"It does nutmeg any difference. That's what I camphor. What does it sulphur?"

"I never cinnamon with so much wit."

"Don't get sodium smart. One more word and I will ammonia."

Krieter: What's worrying you, old man?

Lenk: I was just wondering how many legs you gotta pull off a centipede to make him limp.

Mother: Have you heard the latest?

Father (despairingly): Ain't it asleep yet?

Encyclopedia Collegevillea

Campus: An honorary degree given by the prefect.

Lecturer: The world will fall into the sun in a million years.

Listener (jumping up excitedly): How many years did you say?

Lecturer: A million years.

Listener (sitting down relieved): Oh, I thought you said a thousand.

Condemned Golfer (about to hang): Do you mind if I take a few practice swings?

Speakeasy Credo—The customer is always tight.

Gannon: If you want a parrot to talk, you should begin by teaching it short words.

Spalding: That's strange. I supposed it would take quicker to Polly-syllables.

Landlady: I think you had better board elsewhere.

Boarder: Yes, I often had.

Landlady: Often had what?

Boarder: Better board elsewhere.

Doctor (arranging patient on operating table): I will be perfectly frank and tell you that four out of five patients die under this operation. Is there anything I can do for you before I begin?

Patient: Yes, if you don't mind. Help me on with my shoes and pants.

Another Kentucky Joke

Hiram had walked four miles over the mountains to call on his lady fair. For a time they sat silent on a bench by the side of her log cabin, but soon the moon, as moons do, had its effect on Hiram and he slid closer to her and patted her hand.

"Mary," he began, "y'know I got a clearin' over thar and a team and a wagon an' some hawgs an' cows, an' I 'low to build me a house this fall an'"

Here he was interrupted by Mary's mother who had awakened.

"Mary," she called in a loud voice, "is that young man thar yit?"

Back came the answer: "No, maw, but he's gittin' thar."

"Now I've spilled the beans," said Lifeless Missler as he spilled the beans.

Notice to the Graduates of 1931

Just because a fellow laughs at your jokes these days is no reason to believe you are funny. He may want your picture for his collection.

Harris: Every time I go to town, I feel as if I had been run over by a steam-roller.

Forwith: Why?

Harris: It leaves me flat.

Excited motorist on the phone: Is this the garage?

Garage man: Yes.

Excited motorist: Well, send help as I've turned turtle.

Garage man: You don't want a garage. You need an aquarium.

"Ma," said the discouraged little urchin, "I ain't going to school any more."

"Why, dear?" tenderly inquired the mother.

"'Cause 'tain't no use. I can't learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing words on me all the time."

Prof: What is the unit called by which we measure electricity?

Gumshoes: The what?

Prof: Very good. It's about time you answered something.

The belle of the village choir loved the bass, but she married the tenor because he was more high-toned.

Byrne: How do you get down off an elephant?

Lefko: You don't get down off an elephant. You get it off a duck.

Customer: Check.

Waiter: No, Slovak.

Bughouse Fables

A street cleaner telling a tourist that Rensselaer is a one-horse town.

O'RILEY'S BAKERY

PASTRIES SATISFY
THAT WISH FOR AN
EXTRA SWEET

Courtesy of
THE TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
Rensselaer, Indiana

Quality
Value
Service

J.C.PENNEY CO.

A Good
Store in a
Good Town

If You're Looking for
Values
Always Shop Here

COLLEGE PHOTO SHOP

Expert Photo Finishers

TOM BUREN & TINK FORSEE, INC.

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Restaurant and Fountain Service

Most for your Money

PHILIP J. FRECHETTE

"Quality Candies Priced Right"

Our Complete Line Carried by

COLLEGEVILLE CANDY COMPANY

St. Joe Students
Enjoy your refreshments and
hear the Atwater Kent Radio
at
LONG'S DRUG STORE
You Are Always Welcome

DR. KRESLER, M. D.
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